

## QUITE CURED.

(Chamber's Journal.)

Major Henderson was the most obstinate man imaginable. For a while he had been ill, and had been told by his doctor that he was to die. He was the hand and heart of Maude Henderson for which he was pleading, her comfortable little fortune being a matter about which he was supremely indifferent. At the expiration of the hour Major Henderson's decision remained unchanged. He would have a thousand pounds as a proof of my attachment to my niece, and I will give my consent to my marriage with her. Under no other circumstances will I do so. This was the extent to which the Major would consent himself.

Have a thousand pounds indeed! What a million would be equally possible to a man of refined tastes but a paltry two hundred a year or so besides his pay.

Maude lay down outside the library door. Very pretty. She looked as she listened to Jack's angry protestations, his cheeks flushed, and her brown eyes filled with tears.

"You will be true to me, my darling," pleaded the impetuous Lieutenant, as his arm stole around her waist and his tawny moustache pressed her rosy lips.

True to him? Indeed and indeed she should be.

"You know, dearest, you will be twenty-one in a fortnight's time, and your own mistress. My sweet one will fly with her poor, loving Jack then, won't she?"

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The day is so unusually clear I feel I must make an effort to take advantage of it, especially as this young lady has so kindly consented to act as my guide. And so Mr. Browne hobbled off with Maude walking patiently beside him.

As the trees had hidden the lovers from view Jack drew Maude to him, while she, half laughing and half crying, stroked his long gray beard.

"Oh, Jack, whatever made you come like this? What do you intend to do?"

"This, my sweetest; and the bold lover drew from his pocket an engagement ring, and a wedding ring. Half playfully the gallant Lieutenant removed Maude's glove and slipped on the ring.

"What a dear little hand it looks!" he cried rapturously, "and how happy I shall be when I can call it dear owner my sweet little wife."

A slight start came over his ears, and looking up they beheld Major Henderson not a hundred yards off.

Maude would have been grateful to the earth had it opened at that moment to receive her, but as it showed no signs of accommodating her, she disengaged herself from Mr. Browne's embrace and hastily handed him back the ring.

Mr. Browne was equal to the occasion, although he had givings, as he hobbled toward Major Henderson. "Were you hastening to join us?"

"You see we haven't got far. I am a wedding ring, and a wedding ring, and in such scenery as this one feels forced to pause frequently to look around."

"I expected to meet you coming back," explained the Major; "but I was looking for you in that direction."

"I was quite surprised when I saw you coming toward me."

With what feelings of relief did the lovers listen to the Major's innocent remarks!

At their early dinner the Major drew from his pocket a letter which he had written to Maude the morning's post and had forgotten to read. With a polite "Excuse me, my dear," to his niece, he hastily glanced at the contents. "I must leave for London by the 11 o'clock train to-morrow morning," he exclaimed. "Just after the post, I had a note from your father, telling me that you were going, and earnestly begging him to do 'something,' although she could think of nothing practical to suggest."

On the morning of her twenty-first birthday Maude was dressed in her best, and she had been told by her father that she was to be married to Mr. Browne.

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"Maude followed her lover to the door. She was much distressed on her uncle's account, but did not fully realize her own loss of fortune.

"Are you really better, dear Jack?" she asked anxiously.

"Goodbye," he said, and was gone.

That her lover's leave-taking was a little abrupt did strike Maude; she was, however, far too confused by the turn affairs had taken to attach much importance to the first circumstance.

When she returned to her uncle he seemed wonderfully cheerful, and at supper he talked quite cheerfully of their future.

Maude passed another sleepless night. She did not so much mind the terrible loss she had sustained on her own account; but she was bitterly disappointed that she could do all she promised for her dear Maude.

A slight start came over his ears, and looking up they beheld Major Henderson not a hundred yards off.

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## THE ALAMO.

IS THERE AN IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT AHEAD?

An Incident of the Gallant Struggle for Texas Independence—Brave Polly Grayson.

(Atlanta Constitution.)

Being in Texas not long since, when a war-cloud seemed hovering over her Mexican frontier, I took much interest in the subject of the conflict with Mexico, and found it pretty well staved in the words of an old but staunch veteran, who claimed to have been, when little more than a boy, one of the gallant band who fought under Santa Anna's banner for the independence of the "Lone-Star" State.

"Texas and Mexico," he said, "can never be peaceable neighbors. Texans are white men, and 'greasers' ain't; and there's nothing in common between them but a yearning to gun each other. It is not only that all the ideas of the two people are antagonistic, and that it is our natural interest to keep our property, and their natural desire to steal it, but there is something else that keeps the shooting-irons ready on each side—an old grudge."

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